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HOTEL DIRECTORY

The card of one first class hotel in each town will be inserted in this column, and a copy of the Weekly Graphic sent free on receipt of \$3.00. The graphic goes to a large list of leading hotels in the west, and is read by traveling men, making it a decidedly valuable medium for hotels.

Correspondence, news items and interesting particulars desired. Address Weekly Graphic, Kirksville, Mo.

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THE DOCTOR IN CAMP.

You may wonder how the miners got along without a doctor in camp, for there were indeed times enough when the services of a skillful physician were in demand. That winter we put in at Calico Flats there was somebody on the sick list all the time, and there were days when had three or four patients in hospital at once.

As to medicines, our main-stay was a hot sweat. When a man began to dump around we didn't lose time by feeling of his pulse or looking at his tongue. Three or four stones were put into the fire to heat, blankets borrowed for the occasion, and when we got steam on the knots and twists and kinks in that chap's case had to unravel. He'd come out as long and flat and thin and white as you please, and if any one pointed a finger at him for the next week he'd cry like a baby.

Next to a sweat we had decoctions of herbs, barks and roots, and once or twice we tried the earth cure. On one occasion when a red-headed miner from Ohio was laid up with a pain in the side, a stranger came from White Dog Bend and said he could cure him by laying on of hands. For three long hours he smoothed away at the patient as steadily as clock work, and then there was a row. "The smoother" asserted that the cure was complete, while the patient denied that the pain was a whit easier, and of course, we stood by our comrade and gave the stranger a tumble off a cliff twenty-eight feet high into an old snow drift eighteen feet deep.

But as I said at the start, sickness became so prevalent, and our pain remedies had so little effect, that it was finally decided to send up to Sacramento for a doctor. The idea was to have him come down and brace us all up and leave medicines and remedies and the expense was to be borne by a shake purse.

A letter was sent to a dealer in the town asking him to forward a doctor, and in about five days along he came. He was a young man of 24, just out of college in the East, and just landed on the slopewhove a dollar in his pocket, and all he brought to camp with him was a lancet, some prescription blanks and a stick of salve for making sticking-plasters.

There were four men in hospital that day, and after a bit the doctor entered to take a look at them. It happened that he came to Big Jim Smith first, Smith was threatened with inflammatory rheumatism, and was in no mood to take nonsense.

"Run out your tongue," said the doctor, as he bent over the man.

Big Jim displayed it, but in such a begrudging way that it was plain to see that he thought it all bosh.

"Your pulse," said the doctor, as he reached over for Jim's great paw.

"Pulse? I ain't got any?" growled Jim.

"Oh, yes, you have. Here it is in your wrist. Keep still for a moment."

"Stranger," said Jim, after the doctor had dropped his hand, "d'ye mean to tell me that ye kin feel a man's wrist and tell what ails his insides?"

"Yes, in a measure."

"Excuse me not calling you a liar, but some of the boys will do it for me afore you are an hour older."

"What are your symptoms?" asked the doctor.

"Never had any."

"But how do you feel?"

"Sick."

"How were you taken?"

"Stranger, what are ye driving at? demanded Jim, as he sat up in bed.

"Have you got pains?"

"In course, I have! D'ye 'spose I'd be lying flat on my back here if anything less'n a ton was holding me down?"

"Do you ache?"

"Rather!"

"Any fever?"

"Wall, I git away with a quart of cold water at a gulp."

The doctor sat and studied the case for a few minutes, and then came over to the shanty where the committee had assembled, and said:

"Gentlemen, the case of Big Jim is a serious one. He needs a change of diet, scenery and air. My advice is that you brace him up as well as you can on chicken soup and beef tea and then send him off for a trip to Cuba. I'll look at the other cases in the morning."

But he never did. When the boys found that he had come without even a dose of quinine, and they heard him talk about chicken soup and trips to Cuba for a man who hadn't five dollars

to his name, they waited upon him in a sort of a hilarious body, and at midnight he went up the trail at the rate of twelve miles an hour, with a crowd behind him aching for his ears as relics.

Next day we heated half a ton of rocks, took six or eight blankets and gave Big Jim such a sweat that all his toe-nails bed off, and rather than be cured in the same way the other men got well.

"I did have some faith in the chap," explained Jim—"just a little bit until he axed my symptoms. That floored me. The idea of sending 200 miles fur a doctor to walk in on ye and not be able to tell symptoms from the all-fired back-ache a man ever had, topped off with chills gall-ping up and down the spine wall. I'm only sorry that you moved the procession on hilly afore I was able to head it!"

A RIGHT UP-AND-DOWN WOMAN.

She Had Decided Opinions and Expressed Them.

For once in the history of the Union Depot its roof had sheltered a woman who knew just where she wanted to go, the train she was to take, the hour for departure, the fare, and the time of arrival. She appeared to be about 45 years of age, and she had flat feet, a peaked nose, and a voice which didn't admit of any argument. No notice might have been taken of her among the scores of others had she not inquired the way to the waiting room and added, "Thank ye, though its your business to answer all questions. That is all I want to ask of you, and you can continue your promenade."

"Going out on the train?" queried the officer.

"Would I lug a big carpet-bag down here and stand around in the cold if I wasn't?" she sharply answered.

"Going south, I 'spose?" he queried as she moved away.

"Spose away, then!" she snapped as she lifted her satchel. Entering the ladies' waiting room, she found the seats all taken. A portly man, reading a paper and taking a nap of comfort, occupied one of the seats, and halting before him, she dropped her satchel with an awful thud, and said—

"Now you git right out there! This place is for ladies and you are a great big fat man and orberbe ashamed of yourself for crowding in among us."

"I-ah-ah-ah!" he began, when she interrupted.

"Then stand up! My legs are tired walking down here, and I'm not going to stand around while you sit down!"

"Certainly—allow me—ah—yes!" he stammered, as he rose up and gave her the seat.

"That's more man like," she growled as she settled down, "but it seems to me that if I was I'd feel sort of sneaking in here! The more I see of fat men, the worse I hate 'em."

The fat man had a wife and two children there, but he wasn't a minute getting through the door. For the next fifteen minutes the old lady sat very erect and stared around her, and then she started out to get her ticket, lugging her satchel on her lap. A bootblack espied her and called out:—

"Shell I carry yer baggage-wagon, Aunt Sary?"

"Bov!" she replied as she dropped the satchel and reached for his collar, "I haven't got any baggage wagon, and in the next, I'm not Aunt Sary to anybody! If you want your heel jerked over the roof of this depot you just give me the least bit of sass!"

"Scuse me, but don't pinch so hard," said the boy, and he squirmed out of her clutch and retreated to a safe distance to look at her and rejoice that he was not her son.

She walked up to the ticket window, put down a lot of silver, and said—

"I want a ticket to Jackson, and I don't want any talk about it! I know why I am going, how long I want to stay, and who I am going to see."

Her ticket was handed her without a word, and as she passed on to the gate she said to the official there—

"Tend right to your business! There's no occasion for your asking where I'm going or if I've got a ticket."

"Pass on, madam," he replied.

"Don't try to flatter me!" she called back.

"Yonr business is to see that passengers git on the right train, and the less you madam around the better it will be for you!"

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 28 1883. Congress is on its last legs and we are having a lively time of it this week. There is an enormous volume of business to be transacted yet before the gravel finally falls on Sunday noon, but as it is in order to move a suspension of the rules at any time during the last six days of a session, it is possible to work off the most important measures very rapidly. As the time approaches for Congress to adjourn a cloud over-spreads every brow in Washington. The capital wishes that Congress were always in session. But however people may talk and write, there is a general impression here that there will be an extra session, though I do not share it. The truth is that fifty years ago a three months' session every other year was enough for the legislation of the country, but it is not enough now. This has been a remarkably industrious session; the members have worked faithfully and the time has not been taken up with speech making to any appreciable degree. Still there is much public business left unsettled. There seems to be, however, a great and growing and an unreasonable prejudice against speech making and everybody tries to bring Congress under the system of a board of directors of any other association of business men, but they forget that Congress is primarily a deliberative body, and it is as necessary to know what a man says in Congress as how he votes in order to find him out. Long sessions for every year will have to come. Imagine Parliament restricted to three months' session every year! Changes in the mode of seating the representatives will probably be determined on before next year as the new Congress has thirty additional members. The confusion on the floor of the house is enough to drive a nervous man to distraction. Besides the walking, talking, smoking and every other form of idle amusement going on there is the perpetual clapping of hands for the pages and the rushing to and fro of these youngsters. The lobbies and galleries are so crowded that it is such as a member's life is worth to venture through them. He is sure to be seized before he has gone a dozen steps, and he flies to the floor of the house as to a city of refuge. The floor of the senate is a little better, as seventy-eight men can't make as much noise as 300.

The scope and character of what is known as the senate tariff bill, which would have promptly passed the house had a direct vote been allowed on it, may not be generally known. It bears the title of "An act to reduce internal revenue taxation," though only its first five sections are devoted to internal taxes. These repeal the taxes on capital and deposits of bank and bankers, the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts orders, and vouchers, and the tax on matches, perfumery, patent medicines, &c. They fix the annual tax on wholesale dealers in leaf tobacco at \$12 instead of \$25 on manufacturers of tobacco and cigars at \$6 instead of \$10, and they make a similar reduction in favor of the various grades of tobacco peddlers; and the bill enables farmers and producers of tobacco to sell at the place of production tobacco of their own growth and raising at retail directly to consumers to an amount not exceeding \$100 annually. Section 4 of the bill makes the taxes on snuff and smoking and manufacturer of tobacco 8 cents per pound instead of 16 cents, and on cigars \$3 instead of \$6 per 1,000. All these are in the nature of a substitute for the house internal revenue bill of last session; the other 102 pages of the act comprise what is really the tariff bill. It would be useless to attempt to summarize this portion of the bill, but it may be noted that it reduces the duty on steel rails from \$28 a ton to \$15.68 a ton, or about 45 per cent. It reduces slightly the duty on tin plates; on various forms of iron and steel manufactures by some 20 per cent; or bar iron 14 cent per pound; on Russia sheet iron 1 cent per pound. It rejects the tariff commission's proposition to increase the duty on cotton ties and on some other forms of iron generally used. It reduces the duty on sugar below No. 13 some 18 per cent, and on the higher grades still more. It reduces the rates on some forms of cotton, on some forms of woollens, and on wools, on silks, and puts jute butts on the free list. It considerably increases the free list as to chemicals and as to sundries; reduces books from 25 per cent to 15 per cent, and admits books in foreign languages free. It reduces the duty on salt 20 per cent, and grants a drawback on salt used in curing meat and fish. On the other hand, the bill makes only an illusory reduction in pig iron and none at all in iron ore. It retains some of the most onerous duties on woollens, and appears to tax cloths

more heavily than ready-made clothing.

All last week Washington was crazy over a dog show, and everybody went, except the President and a few others. There was an immense display of yelping pugs and spitz dogs marked \$500 and similar values, and a few good pointers, setters and collies, some of were labelled \$5,000 and \$10,000. Their owners might just as well put the figures at \$100,000. It wouldn't have cost any more. The kennels of the ladies' pets were decked off aesthetically, having many of them plush cushions and silk curtains; and the young women who acknowledged the ownership of the wretched little beast were tireless in their attentions and bestowed a vast amount of mis-er-able attention on every man who complained as usual that every woman in the lot expected the first prize, and as there was only one first prize to be given, embarrassment was created. However, beyond a grimace of disappointment and an additional hug to the yowling howling things they carried in their arms, the young women behaved pretty well. At a reception the other night the Chinese minister met Mrs. Samuel Bright, who is slightly deaf and uses an ear trumpet. Mr. Tsao Ju, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from the empire of China to the United States took it into his head that the ear trumpet was a new kind of pipe, to be smoked through the ear. It took four secretaries and an interpreter to convince him to the contrary, and even then he insisted, in choice Chinese, that he should be allowed to try it for himself.

DOM PEDRO.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Author, Orator and Journalist.

George William Curtis was born in Providence, Rhode Island, February 24, 1824. He attended school at Jamaica Plain, Mass., for four years. When fifteen years old his father's family removed to New York City where young Curtis was engaged for one year as a clerk in a mercantile house. In 1842 with an elder brother having similar taste he went to reside at Brook Farm in West Roxbury, Mass. Here he remained for eighteen months, studying and performing the ordinary agricultural labor of this co-operative society. Then the two brothers went to Concord, Mass., where he remained about the same length of time, spending most of his time on a farm and devoting his spare time to books. Here he became intimately acquainted with Emerson, Hawthorne, and Thoreau. He has given some interesting notes of these men in a series of sketches entitled "Homes of American Authors."

In 1846 Mr. Curtis went Europe, making an extended journey over Italy and northward to Berlin, where he attended the University for a short time. Later he proceeded to Egypt and returned to America by way of England, (1855). His observations and experience in the East he embodied in "Nile Notes of a Hawadji," (1851) and "The Hawadji in Syria." Following his return he joined the editorial staff of the New York Tribune to which he wrote letters from several fashionable summer resorts. These letters combining a delightful humor with a keen satire on the foibles of society, were later collected into a volume, "Lotus Eating," (1852). In 1852 he became one of the editors and managers of "Putnam's Monthly" which relation continued until it ceased to exist after a short but brilliant existence. From contributions to this magazine were collected "The Potiphar Papers," (1854). "Prue and I," a delightful series of sketches appeared in 1857. This publishing firm having become insolvent Mr. Curtis held himself morally (though not legally so) responsible for a large proportion of its indebtedness, and not only thus sunk his private fortune, but also absorbed the earnings of many later years of arduous labor.

Mr. Curtis became a Lyceum lecturer in 1853 and at once became very popular. His themes were live ones and he treated them in a most fascinating manner. Mr. Curtis has few if any equals as a polished and graceful orator and as such is best known to a large part of the public. In 1856, he came deeply interested in national politics and in the Fremont campaign of that year espoused the Republican cause. He was a delegate to the Convention of 1860 and 1864 which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. In 1864 he was defeated as Republican candidate for Congress from his home district, and in 1867 was a member of the New York Constitutional Convention. In 1871 he accepted the chairmanship of the Civil Service Commission under President Grant which he resigned two years later, being convinced President Grant had changed his views. In 1863 Mr. Curtis became political editor of *Harper's Weekly* which position he held uninterruptedly to the present. His influence here on national politics has been widespread and of a high moral tone. Independent of party influence he has been a strong and eloquent advocate of the highest political duties of the hour. Especially has he become prominent as the leader for the purification and reorganization of our civil service, and it is his connection with this question which gives him his present prominence as a political leader.

Mr. Curtis has written a few poems

and has published one novel, "Trumpets," (1862). He has decided literary tastes and if he had seen fit to have devoted himself to literature would undoubtedly have achieved an enviable position among American authors. His well known "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Monthly* is an evidence of what he can do in literary composition and contains the most entertaining and instructive comments on current events and subjects of general interest. Mr. Curtis' style is remarkably graceful and lucid, the most so, perhaps, of any American writer now living.

Mr. Curtis has the instincts of a reformer and has held advanced views on nearly all the great moral and social questions of the last thirty years. He was an early pleader in the anti-slavery cause. Students can not study a better model. For a fine portrait and interesting sketch of Mr. Curtis see *The Century* for February 1883.

OUR COLORADO LETTER.

GRAND JUNCTION, Feb. 23.—EDITOR GRAPHIC: Since last writing from this place there has been a decided change. Everything has gone forward. Lots in Grand Junction have gone up from \$50.00 to 500.00, and in some instances higher according to location. Ranches also have advanced accordingly. One thousand dollars is no money for a ranch close to town. Now every train brings stangers to swell our population. We expect to make this valley one of the most beautiful and profitable valleys in the state of Colorado. With 150,000 to 200,000 acres of beautiful land and the best supply of water in the state, we can do it. We have two ditches completed viz., Pioneer and Pacific Slope, which were in operation last year. Now comes the Grand River ditch from 40 to 60 miles long on which about 100 teams are at work in its construction.

Then the Highland ditch which is being surveyed is to cover the entire valley. So you can see that we will have a good supply of ditches.

We soon will be connected with Salt Lake City, by the D. R. G. R. R., so we can get fruit trees that are adapted to this climate. We are to have a fine depot. The size is to be about 100x200 feet, two stories high, with hotel machine and repair shops. This is to be the end of a division.

Last spring we had a population of about 200 now we have 1,000 and more coming every day. I think this place was designed to be a town and a most healthful site it is. The weather is warm at present writing. There is no snow in the valley but plenty in sight on the mountains.

The ranchmen have begun to plow and prepare to plant.

Our town is progressing along fine under the management of G. A. and T. B. Crawford. They still have for sale about 3,500 lots. Parties would do well to invest in town property here those that have, have profited by it. I know of instances where parties have bought lots through their agents and never saw them. To those who wish to do like-wise, I would recommend for one, W. J. Miller, attorney at law, of Grand Junction, or Thomas B. Crawford, of the same place. Either of these gentlemen are reliable men and any business entrusted in their care will receive prompt attention.

Now as we have a new county we propose to guard against debts as much as possible.

Governor Grant was here this week. He was here to select men for office.

The ranchmen are ordering fruit trees now. Mr. Finly, of Colorado Springs, was here taking orders for the Bloomfield Nursery. I understand he got orders to the amount of a car load to be delivered the first of April. C. W. Steele ordered \$400 worth for his own use. The writer of this has a ranch two miles east of town, also W. P. Shott and M. L. Wimber, son of E. Wimber, of Adair county. Missionaries are thick out here. All the objection I have is they will make a democratic county if it unless they come from old Adair. I will close.

J. J. SHOTT.

There are strong indications of a storm in the Signal Service. The barometer in the vicinity of Gen. Hazen points to the vast areas of low temperature; the Beltzhooverian indicator at the Capitol is still threatening; the atmospheric appearance of the Secretary of War is cloudy, and portentous of a Court of Inquiry; the Van Heusen danger signals are still flying; and altogether the appearance seem to appear apparently insalubrious. A few electric discharges would probably settle the official sky in the best practicable way.—[Washington World.]

In love affairs the true Missourian always snaps his finger at fate. C. L. Gentry, sixteen years of age, and Ida Payne, twenty, who was divorced from Mr. Blank three days before, have eloped from near Galena and are supposed to be in the Indian Territory, where there is no law against the marriage of minors. Young Gentry got his cash for the occasion by secretly selling a horse belonging to his father.

Barbarism.

Quite an animated discussion has been going on at Brookfield, over the subject of corporal punishment in the public schools in that city. One of the correspondents of the *Gazette* says:

Looker On, and men of his kind, see order only at the end of the rod, and disorder only without it. I am no advocate of disorder, and yet all the reply made to me is on that basis. All the argument I have offered has been met with but the assertion; without the whip you will have disorder. I have shown that the whip has been schools, and that order is well maintained, yet these men return again and again to the same assertions, like the dog to his vomit.

Suppose we take a retrospect of the past few centuries, and look at law as it then stood in the interest of order. For the sake of order men were burned at the stake. For the sake of order men were broken on the wheel. For the sake of order men had their tongues cut out. For the sake of order men have been put to every kind of torture, which human cruelty could invent. Now mark, Looker On says: order must be had at any cost.

So thought the men who figured as actors in the above dark picture of a past age. Such men as Looker On belong to that age. There be such men now, and it is a pity, for they only act as brakes on the wheels of progress.

One by one in the course of time barbarous laws, enacted in the interest of order, have been annulled. The tendency of this age is to soften and modify, in the interest of humanity. Laws are enacted now to prevent cruelty to animals. Shall there be less done for our little children in the public schools. New and better methods than the rod are being found for school government, and the time is not far distant when a teacher who lacks in these methods will find himself without an occupation.

Floyd Creek Items.

Graphic Correspondence.

The roads are full of movers.

Mr. Frank Rateliff will move to the Will Dunham farm.

John McMorow moves to the Root, Ware farm.

Oh! those roads, those roads. We allude to the roads two feet under the old ones.

Rev. Mr. Wren, Seventh Day Adventist, has been preaching at the White School House this week. He presented some very good arguments in regard to the Christian Sabbath.

A wedding to report: At the residence of the bride's father on the 4th inst., by Rev. J. S. Williams Mr. Frank Burch and Miss Ida Stotts. Our congratulations are extended. That was a happy idea that struck Frank.

Miss Carrie Randall, of Kirksville, in company with Mr. Griffith and his sister Miss Mary paid our quiet little village a visit this week. Miss Randall formerly taught school here, but is now teaching at Brashear.

Dr. McLeod made a flying visit to Sublette, Saturday, but did not put in his appearance here until late Sunday evening. Some attractions over that way we guess.

Catching Eels.

One of the best of our Democratic exchanges is the *Plattsburg Lever*. In its last issue, Brother McMichael states in a ludicrous way the quandary into which he has been thrown by the great lights of his party. He says that like all good Bourbon Democrats he has for years been agitated over the radical tendencies to "nigger equality" and has lost much sleep and spent much breath fighting the monster, and now at this day, after all this worry and trouble here come the school authorities chosen by the great Democratic party of New York, without which no Democratic president can ever be elected, and by one fell stroke wipe out the "nigger" school, and order the children sent to the ward schools just as it they were white. Then again; after all these long years of hallooing and hal-lalaboo for "free trade and sailor's rights," and perpetual denunciation of "robbery" wrought by the Radical doctrine of "protection," here comes the Democratic gospel-dispenser, Vest, and advocates a little tariff for the protection of certain Missouri industries. No wonder Brother McMichael finds himself all broke up, and declares he is "adrift on the political sea," without party rudder and compass. Yes Brother McMichael, these are funny times—with a considerable "drift" toward the best and truest in political economy, politics and religion, regardless of all we once swore by. "Eternal principles"—of party assertion—sometimes prove to be slippery eels. The eel catchers are not all Democrats either.—*Brookfield Gazette*.

Fame is what you have taken. Character's what you give. When to this truth you waken. Then you begin to live.

Bayard Taylor.